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A Military Alphabet
AND OTHER RHYMES



NETTY WARNER

WILKINS AT TIDE

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A
MILITARY ALPHABET
and
OTHER RHYMES

NELLY WARNER

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PUBLISHED BY
THE STANDARD PRESS
KANSAS CITY

Published at the instigation of
various friends who persistently
inquire: "When are you going to
have your little book published?
I want a copy." THE AUTHOR.

187 11 1920

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KHAKI BOY

My laddie, 'tis of thee,
Brave son of Liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
May all you hold most dear,
Bring naught but love and cheer,
Nor worry, care or fear,
 On Time's fleet wing.







A MILITARY ALPHABET

(Written in August, 1918, shortly after the A. E. F. began operations excepting that the "S" was revised after the boys returned.)

- "A" Stands for Allies—every good nation,
 Fighting for love of the next generation.
 Also for Aeroplanes, sailing the sky,
 Ammunition to make the enemy fly.
- "B" Is for Bill, who started the battle,
 The big, burly Boches, who followed like cattle;
 Overran Belgium, with hatred and sin,
 Till the British helped drive them all back to
 Berlin.
- "C" Is for Colonels, Captains and Corporals,
 Camps and Cavalry, too;
 Clothing, Canteens, Camouflage Colorings;
 All for Christianity true.
- "D" Is Democracy, Daring to Do,
 Marvelous Deeds for us all;
 Dangerous tasks for me and for you,
 So we respond to her call.
- "E" Stands for Europe, where Emperors live,
 With Egos Enormous and Evil;
 Enemies Ever to kindness and love,
 In Erebus long shall they revel.
- "F" Is for Freedom and Flag of the Free;
 France and her Future unbreaking;
 Food and Funds for those oversea,
 Foch and the Fight he is making.

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- "G" Is for Germans, also for Greed;
Guns and Gases that kill;
"Gott im Himmel" has measured their creed,
And will Grant them His Divine Will.
- "H" Is for Hoover, who Hustles so Hard,
To bring Happiness where Hunger lurks;
While the Horrible Hun is kept on the run,
For Sir Douglas Haig never shirks.
- "I" Stands for Italy—staunch little nation:
Indians loyal and true;
- "J" For Japan, who will fight to a man.
Jui Jitsu a Junker or two.
- "K" Stands for Kultur; also for Kill;
And both mean the same to old Kaiser Bill:
Khaki and Kiltie, and their Kith and Kin,
Will keep the world free from Kultur and sin.
- "L" Is for Ludendorff, Learning a Lesson,
From Lads who Love Laughter and Life,
Losing his Legions of Lawless aggression,
Who Looted the Land in their strife.
- "M" Means McAdoo Making the Money.
Meet a Miraculous plan;
Marines, Machines, Mess sergeants, Maps,
Mirth and Madness, Mud and Mishaps.
Millions of Marching Men.
- "N" Is for Navy; also for Nations—
Neutrals who Need to beware;
Nurses Never Neglectful of duty,
Night-time or day, over there.
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- "O" Is for Octopus Over the seas;
Officers, Outposts and Orderlies;
Orphans and "Over there" and On,
"Over the top" till the Huns are gone.
- "P" Is for Pershing Pelting the Prussians—
Princes and Puppets of men,
Poincaire and Poilus; Paris in Peril;
Peace and Protection, again.
- "Q" Is for Quitters, a Queer lot of folk,
Who Quaintly declare that war is a joke;
They Quibble and Question, and Quail at the
thought,
Of Quietly giving the Quarter they ought.
- "R" Is our Rookies Running the Reichstag:
Raising the Red, White and Blue
O'er the River Rhine, and the Red Cross sign,
Will Race to the Rescue, too.
- "S" Stands for Ships Sailing out to Sea.
Sailors and Submarines;
Sergeants, the Somme, and Salvation Sue,
With doughnuts and Smiles—a Samaritan true.
When all the world Sorrowful Seems.
- "T" Is for Troops Tramping all day,
Taps and Tents for the night,
Trucks and Tires, Telegraph wires,
And Terrible Tanks in the fight.
- "U" Is for U-boats Under the sea.
Ugly, defiant of liberty;
Uncle Sam. United with others.
To make the world Universal brothers.
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- "V" Is for Victory, Valor and Vim,
Verdun, and the Vimy rim,
Volunteers of Valiant worth,
Who will drive the Villains off the earth.
- "W" Is Wilson Walloping Wilhelm,
Winning the World's Worst War;
Wearied and Worn, his "Wacht am Rhein" short
The Wastral is Weeping with Thor.
- "X" Is X-Ray to eXamine the mind,
Of eXalted rulers and some eXcuse find;
And if none eXist, to eXpose the mailed fist,
And eXpel its abode from mankind.
- "Y" Is for Yanks and Y. M. C. A.,
A Yowling good combination,
From Yonkers to Yang-Tse-Kiang all the way,
The Yellow they'll Yip from creation.
- "Z" Is for Zeppelin, Germany's aeroplane;
Zeebrugge, a fort by the sea;
The "Zero hour," and the end of my story,
All Zero for Germany.



THE MOTHER HEART

(Nearing the dawn of Registration Day, and
after scores of brave fellows had enlisted.)

Humanity! What can I do,
 Whilst all these terrors reign?
Creator of the Universe?
 Has my life been in vain?

I've cried and cried, and prayed and prayed.
 And helpless, sought to dare;
I've wished myself a regiment,
 To go and do my share.

I've marched down Broadway, feeling like
 A Major. Brigadier.
And every kind of officer,
 That scorns the weak word "fear."

I'd like to man an aeroplane—
 If I could sail it straight—
Far over all the fighting lines.
 To Wilhelm's bloody gate.

I'd like to fire a deadly bomb,
 Straight through the palace wall,
And smash the Hohenzollerns—
 The Kaiser most of all.

I'd like to take him, torturing,
 His greedy eyes to see,
Into each home that he has wrecked,
 In his own Germany!

Into each home that he has wrecked,
 In once gay, sunny France,
And would that every heart thus crushed,
 Might be a sword or lance.

And over Russia's wide domain;
Great Britain, Italy;
I'd like to show him every stain,
On Belgium to the sea.

I'd like to drag his shivering form,
Through the ice-cold, briny deep;
And starving, gaunt with hunger,
Over tons of stuff to eat:

Until we reached our own dear land,
Where millions now are sad,
Where mothers pray, and sisters weep,
Who otherwise were glad.

I'd like to pass him through the crowd,
And let them do their will,
The noble, splendid manhood,
Who were not born to kill.

I feel I must do something,
Or else I shall go mad,
Before they take my only,
My precious darling lad.

Is there no Super-Mortal,
No gods but Woden? Thor?
O, God of Love, be merciful,
And end this brutal war.



THE ROOKIE

(In his defense)

What makes the rookie hang his head,
In such an awkward way?
He hasn't any collar on,
They've all been put away!

What makes his hands look big and queer,
When he stands idling 'round?
Because his sleeves are shrunk, my dear,
And no more can be found!

What makes him try to hide his feet?
You think he's lost his mind?
O, no, his shoes don't fit so neat,
As those he left behind!

TAPS

Taps are sounding through the night,
Nine o'clock, out goes the light!
Every soldier must to bed,
In his cot, with prayers said.
Only sentries close guard keep,
While the camp is fast asleep.

THE DANCE OF THE WINDS

(A phantasy in memory of Camp Funston, Kansas,
and dedicated to the famous 39th Division.)

The wild wind scurried across the plain,
From out of the West, and to Funston came;
Freakish and mad, with a careless mien,
Said he, "I shall dance and careen!"

"The dust, the dirt, the grit and the sand,
Shall turn whirling dervishes at my command."
And the great whirlwinds of dust just blew,
Until tired the Westwind grew.

Wearied, he called to the East one day.
"I've been blowing and blowing the dirt all your way.
I've blown all that's loose, and the truth is quite plain,
You must blow it all back again."

Then he stopped for breath, and the East wind smiled.
"I will do my best," said she, beguiled;
Tempestuously, with an insane glee—
"Here are clouds and clouds of it, Westwind! See!"

Then the North wind stepped from his glacial clime,
Saying, "I know a place where it blows all the time,
"It's a wonderful spot where the wild winds meet,
And I go my Southwind to greet!"

Joyous he blew with a might and a main,
Whistling weirdly again and again;
Near and yet nearer the rendezvous,
"Southwind, I'm calling to you!"

Gentle Southwind was idling along,
Timid and fearsome, till Northwind strong.
Shook her and said with a frigid snort,
"Come! Here's where the cyclones cavort!"

Then the Four Winds joined in a furious gale,
Whistled and sang with a syncopate wail,
And all the wind instruments man has e'er known,
Were put out of tune for a dance all their own.

The black, swirling clouds of dust and grit,
For the boys in camp cared never a whit;
And I swear, though some may deny it with scorn,
It's the place where Jazz music was born.

'Twas the camp where the 89th entrained,
But the "All American" never complained;
Truly these heroes swept over the top,
Like the Four Great Winds that nothing could stop.

W. S. S.

(A Wartime Mother Goose.)

Sing a song of freedom,
Pocket full o' stamps;
More than twenty Allies,
Putting on the clamps;
When the clamps begin to hurt,
The Germans shout "Amen!"
"Gott im Himmel, hear our cry,
"Let's have peace again!"

QUARANTINE

What d'ye mean,
Quarantine?
Ain't this drill enough?
Can't go to town?
Gotta stick aroun'?
Boy, I call that tough!

Who's the guy,
In Company I,
Show me his "ineasly" skin!
He's a heartless cuss,
Kickin' up such a muss,
And keepin' the whole bunch in!

Quarantine?
Sure riles my spleen!
But where's my pal? Hero's his pack:
What! Ye don't say.
They took HIM away?
How soon is he comin' back?

What does it mean,
Quarantine?
Nothin' but feel mighty blue!
Don't care for town,
I'll just stick aroun'
A-hopin' the kid pulls through.

THE HERO OF THE HOUR

(Written soon after the extent of German propaganda begun to be realized by the American public.)

The hero of the hour will be the man who bombs the
Kaiser,
And sends him on his journey where he'll grow a little
wiser;
Face to face with God Almighty--Master of Creation,
"Me und Gott" will be a thought, for future reservation.
They may let him have a look upon the Life Eternal,
Before they hurl him down below to regions most
infernal,
Where Satan cunningly awaits him with a warm
opinion,
Because the German "kultur" adds so much to his
dominion.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

(Published to aid in the Third Liberty Loan.)

"Somewhere in France" Old Glory waves,
"Somewhere in France" will be countless graves.
Give your last dollar! 'Tis not enough
For hearts that beat 'neath the khaki stuff!
Give your last cent to the Christian God,
That Peace and Love may rule over the rod:
Give! Though it pain for years to come,
That more of our boys may come back home.

THE GENERAL'S CAR

O what is the meaning of the bright red flag,
With one, great big white star?
And the manner of the men in uniform?
'Sh, 'tis the General's car!

Out of the West, with eyes to the front,
Goes the General in his car;
Far to the East in a crimson field,
To fight for the pure white star.



LONGING

(To my son in the F.A.C.O.T.S at Camp Zachary
Taylor. Written from Fort Sam Houston.)

My heart's in Kentucky. I long for the hills.
The woods, the streams, and the flowers:
The broad plains of Texas engender no thrills.
And lonely and gray are the hours.

Hours that lengthen as time wears along,
But if duty demands that I stay,
'Mid the cactus and sand, near the Rio Grande.
At least I can dream of the day.

When wartime is over, and nightmares no more.
Harass my poor soul with their pain.
And God will remember that we have been brave.
And let us be playmates again.

AWAITING THE CALL

(Just one cantonment—Spring, 1918.)

The sleepy old town of San Antone,
Is alive with the pulse of the Nation's own;
The river winds 'round, and 'round through the town,
And the bridges are filled with the boys in brown.
Watching the stream flow lazily by,
Carrying with it many a sigh.

And every little, narrow street,
Echoes the sound of dear, young feet,
Tramping gay, or with footsteps slow,
Anxiously waiting the call to go;
Eager to take a "whack at the Hun,"
To "get the dirty work over and done."

Birdmen from Kelly Field; flyers from Brooks:
From the Fort and Camp Travis—Regulars, Rooks;
Cavalry boys from Leon and the rest,
All bravely waiting the final test;
Wanting "the thing" to be "over and done,"
To "finish the job" and "get back home."

God, how it hurts me to pass them by.
How I'd like to laugh; but I'd rather cry:
Laugh to lighten their little day,
Cry for the loved ones far away.
Ready, each lad, when the call may come.
To "give Fritz a punch" and "hurry back home."



THE NON-COM.

He was just a Sergeant,
Working with the rest;
Wanting a commission,
So he did his best.

His Commanding Officer —
The man who wore a star,
Presented him one morning
With a little golden bar—

Pinned it on his shoulder,
To give the girls a treat.
Hied he to the nearest town,
And sauntered down the street.

All he saw was Privates,
Salute—Salute—Salute!
Thick on every corner,
And forty times to boot.

Back to camp he hastened,
That night he had a dream.
He'd rather be a Non-Com—
Things aren't what they seem!

DEMOCRACY

I should like to espouse fair Democracy's cause.
But I haven't the ghost of a notion,
How it feels to be fettered and yearn to be free,
Like the boobs who live over the ocean.
I confess, under stress of the greatest duress,
That my ancestors started this nation,
And it dates from the hour, the gallant Mayflower,
Made Democracy part of creation.

I should think that a Chink, or a yap like a Jap.
Who likes the American dollar;
Or, indeed, some poor Swede, who was greatly in need.
Might be the right bohunk to holler.
And say how it goes to be wearin' good clothes.
With no one to ask how he got 'em,
Because he's a chance, to live right and advance.
Although he was down to "rock bottom."

Or a green Irish Pat, who embarks and grows fat,
Just asleep on his beat, for the money;
A meek, humble Greek; or a Turk, who wants work.
And finds lots o' good milk and honey.
Might say how it feels, with so many good meals.
A nestlin' snug in his "inner."
And swear nevermore would he leave our fair shore.
'Cause America's way is a winner.

The Armenian, too; not to mention the Jew:
"Jolly" John Bull; and the Russian;
Sons from Italy's shore—all knock at our door.
Including the militant Prussian.
All on account of Democracy's way,
Because she makes each man a brother,
And whether you're HIGH born, or LOW; you can stay—
So long as you LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

FORGOTTEN

Mother's at the Red Cross,
Sister's tending store,
Grandpa's getting dinner,
Says he never swore.

Grandma's busy somewhere,
Has to do her "bit,"
Counting off the stitches,
All she does is knit.

Losing all my buttons,
Waists are in a muss,
Think this war is awful,
Gee! I'd like to cuss.

A TOAST TO ICE TEA

Hong Kong, Ceylon, and Sir Lipton's Best —
Here's hoping you stick to the end;
But if sugar and ice,
We must sacrifice,
You're a bitter excuse of a friend!



THE MASCOT

He was from little old New York,
Sergeant of one Troop B,
But the way he rode a fractious steed,
Wasn't a movie-hero deed,
'Twas equine tragedy.

How he played the violin,
Was another story quite.
Beethoven, Faust, Chopin, Gounod,
Were playthings for his Master Bow.
As we sat entranced each night.

Deep in the city's pulsing crowds,
When the call to arms was spread.
A little girl with chestnut hair.
For years had been his playmate there,
And quickly they were wed.

Enlisted he, and the parting came,
So swift she hardly knew
The meaning of the dull, dead thud.
The soul of her seemed turned a clod.
And storm clouds quickly grew.

Cared she not, in mad'ning chase,
Nor reckoned what the cost;
The only count she made was hours:
She feared not military powers.
Was not her lover lost?

Way out West and South she sped.
To a Texas outpost camp:
And like a weary, long-lost child,
When at last they met, she quaintly smiled.
While he mused: "You precious vamp!"

But what he said ran something thus:
"What now will the Captain say?
Cee whiz! This is no place for you;
Your presence here will never do!
Why come so far away?"

McAllen is down there on the map,
Where the Captain got her a job
In a little cafe;
And she promised to stay.
Though her smile only guarded a sob.

Orders came quickly to move further on,
Pack trains were ready by morn;
Lightly she held an empty tray—
Lightly a promise broke that day,
As her soul rebelled with scorn.

Just as the last van hit the trail,
Bounding like some hunted deer,
Up through the back she frantic leapt,
And under a friendly tarpaulin crept,
Trembling with joy and fear.

Twenty-five miles o'er the desert waste,
Through the hot, scorching sands they chugged:
Neither sound nor murmur caught their ear,
Thankful she for the grinding whirr—
This human freight which they lugged.

Down where a little spur of track,
Runs into the Rio Grande,
At the close of that choking, blistering day,
Fegrimed with sand and alkali gray,
They unloaded their contraband.

Ho'ed her out like a thing half dead,
And with frightened faces aghast—
"God, little girl, what have you done?
We'll both be shot by tomorrow's sun!
They will never believe—scarce ask!"

Parched and worn, but with triumph aglow,
She sought the Captain at once;
Bareheaded, never a change of clothes,
Or a powder puff for her dainty nose—
What a madcap little dunce!

"Is this a daughter of Mother Eve?
Or a poor little gray field mouse?"
Such were his thoughts, and his mind ran rife.
As he said: "There's the station agent's wife,
Over yonder—the only house."

And they dubbed her "The Mascot" after that,
Though she really was the boss.
They skirmished with Spicks in the mesquite
and sand,
All through the war on the Rio Grande,
And never were called across.

* * *

This is the tale as 'twas told to me,
And I wonder if down in that land
Beautiful strains of Verdi or Lizst—
Broken sometimes when the lovers kissed—
Echo still on the Rio Grande.



WAR IN THE OFFICE

Setting—A gray-blue atmosphere.

Sitting—Several innocent smokers.

Sat—A disturbed female.

All day he sat smoking, the little Chief Clerk,
And the weed was pugnaciously rank;
"Fatimas"—a mixture invented for Turk,
No wonder he's little and lank.

All day the smoke circled, with fiendish swerves,
In a blue, maledictory haze;
It see-sawed her throat, and jangled her nerves,
Till her brain was a poor wearied maze.

And as he sat smoking—the little Chief Clerk,
There came to her mind such a plan!
A weapon like that 'gainst German and Turk,
Would rout the whole blood-thirsty clan.

Why do such shrimps sit down here at home,
Safe in a snug swivel chair,
While millions of men are crossing the foam,
With courage to die over there?

If he doe-n't stop smoking that nicotine mix,
Every hour of the gloom-laden day,
He'll soon journey homeward across the Styx,
Just a poor little dried bit of clay.

• • •

Departed for camp—the little Chief Clerk,
While the summer is closing its day;
It may be he never intended to shirk,
Opinions oft-times go astray.

HELD TO ANSWER

(Every loyal American was a self-appointed secret service worker, and the incidents resulting therefrom were occasional "mishaps.")

Hark to the tale of a yellow coon,
Whose vernacular mostly was German,
Who'd sailed 'round the seas,
Like a stoker Chinese.
A Wandering Jew, or a Brahmin.

Whether from Egypt, Fritzland or what,
By some Irish trick that was "skurfy,"
Shades of Father Muldoon,
This queer yellow coon,
Had been christened the foine name av Murphy!

The blood of his ancestors must have been crude,
For vanity was his undoing;
The tales that he spun,
"Deah Lawd, were such fun,"
He "nevah dreamt trubble" was brewing!

Caught in the mesh as a "German suspect,"
Quaking, his yellow skin paler,
Held on the charge,
Of a traitor at large,
"Gawd, boss; I'se jess a po' sailor."

Jolly smart tales of the Fatherland,
Were all of a fine fabrication;
And his language? Beware!
King's English, with care,
Not HIS life for the whole German nation.

ODE TO LADY HITT

(Summer of 1918 —Southern Headquarters.)

The Colonel's wife,
Sits deep in the strife,
And works like a Trojan King!
Nor shirks, nor cares,
But smiles and dares,
To do the hardest thing.

None care to risk
That tiresome desk,
Excepting Lady Hitt.
Her heart's desire
Is to code a wire,
Because it's her best "bit"!



COME ACROSS

(Fourth Liberty Loan Drive.)

More than a million are "over there,"
Lads dear to some mother's heart.
How can mere money with life compare —
Yet only is this your part.

What of the boys that go forth to die,
Where the crusts of hell and earth join,
While all that is asked of you and I
Is the loan of our pitiful coin!

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

(In memory of Lieut. Howard Kinne, age 22, whose plane went down in flames behind the German lines on the memorable day of September 29, 1918, when the Hindenburg Line was broken. To his mother, a schoolmate of the writer.)

He was from Kentucky,
Class '17, K. U.,
Honored on the gridiron
As the man who beat Perdue.

Small in size, but mighty,
And valiant he of soul.
'Mongst the first to answer,
To bravely sign the roll.

'Mongst the first to battle.
And fearing not the foe,
Chose the Aero Service—
Observer, flying low.

In the St. Mihiel salient,
The Forest of Argonne,
He and his brave pilot,
Each day pushed further on.

Laughed at engine troubles,
Or landings in barbed wire—
A target for the Germans,
Their craft came down afire.

And he wore her picture,
Praised it to the end—
The picture of his mother—
His sweetheart—his best friend.

Dearest little mother,
Howard is not gone.
He's only on the Other Side,
Awaiting you to come.



DADDY'S BOY

I wish I were a soldier,
 'Cause my daddy's gone.
But mother says that I must stay,
 And be the man at home.

I'd like to march with daddy,
 And eat out doors all day,
And carry guns and tents and things,
 And hear the music play.

I wish I were a soldier,
 So I could fight the Hun,
I'd like to be with daddy,
 When he makes the Boche run.

A TOAST TO WATER

Farewell, old Barleycorn, you've had your day,
The world has decreed to go dry:
 So here's to the health,
 Of our nation of wealth.
With water —sans Old Rock and Rye!

THE ARMISTICE

(A little incident of Louisville, Ky., in the
early morning hours of November 11, 1918.)

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"
Rang the chimes from the old church tower,
"Praise Him, all creatures here below,"
Thank God for this blessed hour;
"Praise Him above, ye Heavenly host."
But the boys WHO GAVE, God praiseth most.

Then "Ring the Bells of Heaven" chimed out,
With "Spread the News Today,"
Each tone a joyous, ringing shout.
While the city sank to pray
In thankfulness, at last 'twas o'er,
Again the world was free!
Then rose the din, as pealed once more:
"My country, 'tis of thee."



AFTERWARDS

Here's to a lot of lads I know,
Who "Forward" plunged at the first word go!
Mustard gas and flame throwing fiends,
Only served somehow to stretch their 'teens.

Two I recall took the Cavalry route,
Couldn't get there fast enough on foot;
Out to the Barracks and down to the Fort,
With an old Regiment of the Regular sort.

Chums were these two, but nobody cared,
Together a short time only they fared;
An officer's pen went down the list,
Taking this name, while the next he missed.
One into Field Artillery sent,
The other back to Cavalry went.

One got across—the other stayed.
Snorting, rebellious, mad, dismayed;
Put in his time on the Rio Grande,
Watching the greasers shoot up the sand.

Once in a while if a chap paid the price,
Doubtless the mention: "Supreme sacrifice."
No Croix de Guerre, or a noble scar
After the war to mark what you are.

Measured up by a gold-chevroned sleeve,
Pale silver trappings look make-believe.
How he longed for a grip of their hand,
But he feared they could never understand.

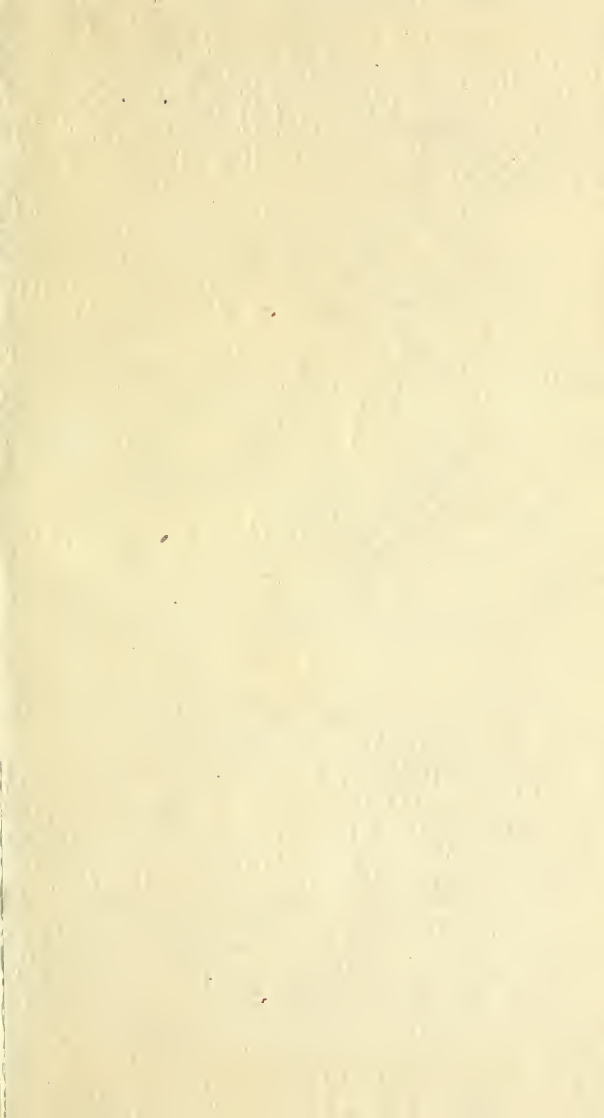
Quite a few nurse this silent grief,
And they're not on exhibit in bas relief;
They are apt to shun the Legion's Club,
Though not to blame, they are just a dub.

They may have worked hard for a golden bar.
They may wear a beautiful silver star;
But their loss is keen, as men among men,
For they know you know where they have not been.

And this is not all—no heroic kid,
Can exploit afterwards what granddaddy did.











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